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December, 194

The Liberalist

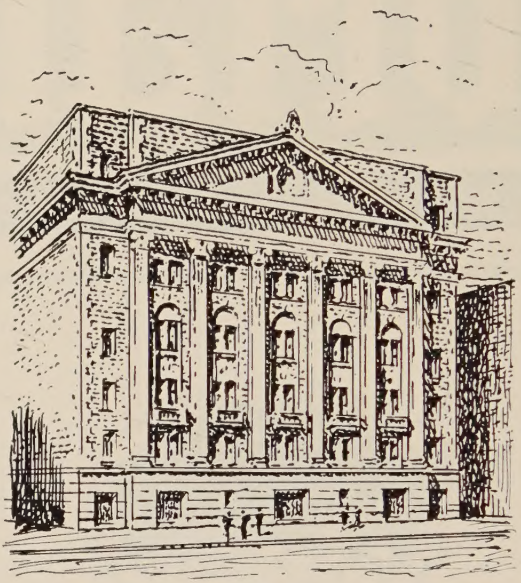
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"The star stood over where the young child was—"
Only a star was high enough to mark
Thy cradle, O Thou Holy One of earth!
Was bright enough to point men through the dark
Since that glad night of old that saw Thy birth!

For stars belong to the unbounded skies;
Stars are not found beneath the roofs of creed,
Nor reached by straining spires of steel and stone:
Alike they shine to serve a whole world's need,
That none dare cry, "The stars are mine alone!"

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY

(From "Poems for Special Days and Occasions" by Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIII **December, 1946** *Number 9*

A Yuletide Greeting

MOST phrases become ineffectual and meaningless with constant repetition. The truth they symbolize becomes trite and unappealing. Yet there is a fine old exception in that expression—"A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year."

Clustering about this old, old wish are myriads of memories; memories which begin with the earliest recollections of life, for somehow we always think much about those early years at Christmas time. In the midst of all the gladness we have solemn moments when we think of other hearts "loved and lost awhile."

The enrichment which comes to life because of this universal expression of "peace and good will" immeasurably advances the world upon its way. The universality of the wish elevates the whole of life. The very air at the Yuletide season is vibrant with hope and love.

People act differently. Courtesy is more noticeable. Kindliness is more apparent. Tolerance is more evident. It is more difficult to be vindictive and revengeful. Hate and ugliness are eliminated by substitution. Love and beauty reign. It's Christmas time and our best selves are revealing the sublimities of our natures. If we could only make the spirit of Christmas last! It is only one week from Christmas to New Year's, but it is a whole year from New Year's to Christmas! What a world this would be if the holiday spirit of love and good wishes would linger in our hearts through all the days from New Year's to Christmas!

We wish we could personally express to every friend and member of our Church, to our radio audience, and to every reader of these lines our gratitude for all they have done to encourage and inspire us during the past year. Old friends have been loyal and staunch, new friends have gladdened our hearts. It has been the happiest year of our ministry. To all of you who have made this possible, we express our deepest gratitude. The reciprocal relationships of life are many. We want to be of increasing value to you. We want to help you always.

May this be your happiest Christmas and the New Year your best year. For the past we are eternally grateful—we await the future with hope and love in our hearts.

Grace and Preston Bradley

Christmas

IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Church School Party—Friday, December 20—8 p.m.

Christmas Sunday—Dr. Bradley preaches—11 a.m.—7:30 p.m.

Candle Light Service—Uptown Players

Sun., Dec. 22, 7:30 p.m.—Mon., Dec. 23, 8:00 p.m.

Christmas Eve—Dr. Bradley preaches—11 p.m.

Christmas Day—Christmas Service—11 a.m.

New Year's Eve—Annual Watch Night Service—11 o'clock until midnight.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Christmas Play

"Come Let Us Adore Him"

By VICTOR STARBUCK

AT THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence near Sheridan Road

Sunday evening.....December 22nd

7:30 o'clock

Monday evening.....December 23rd

8:00 o'clock

presented by

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin who will appear in the role of the Inn-Keeper

"START WHERE YOU ARE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

ONE of the great men who contributed to the cultural life of our city of Chicago during the years, and added imperishable monuments of great art which will be a spiritual and soul delight for the ages to come, was Lorado Taft. I remember, during the early years of my ministry, having the opportunity of becoming quite well acquainted with him through our common activity in the old Chautauqua days. Lorado Taft would go up and down this country as a great apostle of beauty and one could never stand in his presence, or see any of his workmanship, without having stature added to one's soul. But of all the stories which I know about Lorado Taft and of all the influences which Mr. Taft has been, there is one little experience connected with his life which illuminates our understanding of him. He had a summer home down among the mountains of New Hampshire and every summer he would go to this home, which he loved, and where he received a great deal of inspiration. From the view of his porch, which extended out toward the west, he had the opportunity of seeing the sunsets. One day he and Mrs. Taft were watching a particularly spectacular sunset. Of course, all sunsets are spectacular, but some more than others, so that it is interesting to think that there are never two alike—the infinite variety of beauty! All the sunsets of the millions and millions of years of this cosmos, every 24 hours, and never one like the other! Of all the raindrops, all the snowflakes, science has never found two which completely synchronized. Of all the fingertips of all the millions and millions of the earth, you will never find two fingertips giving the same impression. A great universe we are in! Well, Lorado Taft and Mrs. Taft were standing on the porch of their little home looking out to the western skies one evening, and they had a little farm girl who came in to help Mrs. Taft with the work—she was born there, and every summer she would come and work for the Tafts. On this particular evening the sunset was unusual, and, of course, the discerning, analytical, diagnostic eye of the artist, in his appreciation of color values, saw in it probably much more than the untutored eye could see, so Mr. Taft was explaining to Mrs. Taft some of the intricate blends of color, and this little country girl stood by his side and looked up and she said, "O, Mr. Taft, may I run home a moment, just for a moment?" "Certainly, what do you want to go home for?" "O," she replied, "I want to bring my mother to see the sunset." "Well," said Mr. Taft, "surely your mother has seen the sunsets, you have had them here a long time," and she looked up into his face and said to him, "No, Mr. Taft, we never saw the sunsets until you came." Do you see what I mean? They never really saw sunsets until someone came along to awaken in the heart and soul of that little country girl the fact of the sunset. That is what Jesus does with a human life, and that is why underneath all of the theology and argument about religion the amazing revelation.

Now, I want to be understood. Even though Emerson told us once "To be great is to be misunderstood," still, I

prefer to be understood. Now I want everyone listening, in the Church or on the air, to listen very carefully and I will try to be just as simple and plain as I can, but I don't want you to misunderstand me. You know there are two things that start more trouble and arguments than any other thing, religion and politics. When you start to talk about religion, people get a little bit touchy. I suppose it is because right away they think "I am Catholic, Jewish, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran, Episcopal," or some of the other three hundred brands of Christian Church, and "what is he going to say about religion?" You know, you sort of start with a chip on your shoulder to begin with, because it is difficult for a person who is devoted to a religion or to a church to forget that particular religion or church for a moment and let, perhaps, a little different idea, or a new idea, infiltrate into his mind, and he says, "I have belonged to that Church," that is all there is to it, "and if you don't you are wrong." "I cannot be wrong, nor my Church, you are the one who is wrong"; then the fight starts and the trouble begins. When I hazard what I am going to say about religion, I do it rather fearfully, and I will probably get thousands of letters this week —which will be all right if they each put a dollar bill in them—criticizing me because I am going to say what I am going to say. Now then, listen carefully and do so without prejudice. *IF I HAD NOTHING ELSE EXCEPT THE BEAUTIFUL TECHNIQUE BY WHICH THE MASTER WAS ABLE TO DEAL WITH HUMAN SOULS, I WOULD HAVE ALL I NEEDED TO ESTABLISH HIS DIVINITY AND HIS KINSHIP WITH GOD!* I don't need an infallible Bible; I don't need any story connected with His birth; I don't need any argument about theology; I don't need to, or try to, understand the Trinity of three Gods in One, and One in Three. Now understand me, please don't misunderstand me; all I need is just to see this humble Galilean poet-peasant talking with a human soul in trouble—that's all I need. I don't need one word of theology, nor one line, I don't need to believe in the divine inspiration or infallibility of the Bible, I don't need them, there are those who might, but when I see this gentle, understanding Heart face to face with a broken, sinning, disillusioned, frustrated, suffering agonizing, remorse-stricken human soul, and see Him when He touches that life, then I am seeing God! There is the revelation of His power! There is the argument for His Godlikeness when He touches a needy soul!

Do you know of one incident in connection with His life, when the Master came in touch with such a one and something didn't happen? I don't. Something always happens when some one touches even the hem of His garment. Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, or atheist, you cannot come into the presence of this Christ without something happening to your soul, happening to your life. Now, what was it? What did happen? What was the fundamental thing that this Master analyst, this expert psychiatrist possessed? The increasing amazement which I have as I try to study the problems of human personality in the light of modern psychiatry, the mental and moral breakdowns of an upheaved world . . . the thing that I marvel about with ever increasing amazement is how well the Master surgeon of human souls knew the last word of modern psychiatry! I would challenge any student of psychiatry, or of the problems of human personality, listening to me on the air or in this congregation

any student from any university—I see one college president in the congregation this morning—but I would challenge any person who knows modern psychiatry to sit down with me at my desk for an hour and I can prove to him that the fundamental groundwork of all personality recovery, of the stabilization of an individual life, the coordination of their emotions, the balance of life, everything that has to do with the integration or orientation, or implementation of the human personality—I will go back twenty centuries and I will show you a personality that anticipated everything you know in modern psychology! When some of our youngsters think they have something new when they get into the field of psychology and psychiatry and the study of the human personality and abnormal psychiatry, and all the rest of the subjects that I have studied for years and watched their development carefully; when they get an idea that it is something new that is because they have never known something old, for the Teacher was the Master Psychiatrist. He understood the human mind, and when He would meet a personality He did what an expert watch repairer does. When your watch begins to act up and stops and won't run and you take it to a watch repairer, and he puts that little business in his eye and squints around the watch, does he take out one wheel and say, "I guess that's it, I am not sure but I think that's it?" No. When the condition of the watch is such that the experienced watch repairer knows something is wrong with it he takes the whole watch apart, all of it, until he has just the bare frame left, and every screw and every wheel and every spring is spread out in front of him on a piece of paper, and he finds out what's the matter. When he cleans a watch he doesn't just clean the main spring; or a little wheel; when he cleans a watch he cleans the whole business; and that was the first principle of psychiatry, in intellect and personality development, which the Master knew and practiced. When you take hold of a life you have to clean up the whole business; you have to start just where you are and with what you have, and be satisfied with nothing less than a good, thorough job, all through, all over! That's what the Master did. And what was the effect on human lives when that happened? The effect was always a miracle; that is, what people call a miracle who do not understand the true meaning of the miraculous. That story that I read to you today in the lesson, there she was, a woman of the streets, the property of any man who came along, nothing sacred in her personality, not a thing, but she started just where she was, right where she was, when He spoke the words: "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Go, and *SIN NO MORE.*" There is no other way of recovery. What is the very quintessence of the truth of starting right where we are? You know why most people don't begin and start to straighten up with life and straighten out with life? They are stricken, they have moments of remorse. I don't suppose there is anything in this world that is comparable to the remorse which a person feels the morning after debauch, and vice, and sin; when the day breaks and it is light, the sunlight is so clean, it is not like the shadows of the night, and there is a momentary sense of guilt and filth and remorse. I think even the most depraved of people have that. I think even the vilest personality must have a moment when they feel they know really, they could be different, they could be better; but what stands in the way? They have a momentary glimpse of peace and quiet and

victory, cleanliness, sweetness, pleasantness, they see that, they experience it; but pretty soon they are back again, frequently deeper than ever, in the mire of life.

Now, what's the matter with that person? I think one of the reasons is, they are tyrannized by their own past and their reputation for having gone far into the sin and filth of life and because their best friend might know they are known as a drunkard and profligate, they carry the atmosphere of that projection. People who know them best think of them in those terms, and I think, sometimes, they are tyrannized, they are held in subjugation by their own reputation, and they feel that there is nothing they can do about their past, and therefore there is nothing they can do about their future; that they are caught by fate. That is a lie! Not one person in the Church, not one person there on the air, but could start right here and now, right now, and turn your back so completely on your own past and your own failures, you could change the whole tomorrow of your life, no matter what your past has been! The mere fact that people permit their past to prevent them from the glory of tomorrow is the tragedy. The Master understood that and never once, not once, did He ever remind any person, who started where he was, of what his past had been.

And what was the psychology of that with him? "Thy sins are forgiven"—that ends the matter—when you are finished with it you are finished with it, it is over. Don't let anybody bring up your past to you as being fatal or final to your future, because your past is not, and I care not what that past has been. And between you and me, if you want me to be a little severe (you know, ordinarily, I am not severe, I love all people, though some better than others of course, but as a general rule I like people, all kinds of people, but I am going to be a little severe now) and if what I am going to say fits you, you put the coat on and wear it right out of this church; if what I am going to say now fits you, you make the best of it, and don't you sit there and turn around and look at your neighbor back of you and pass it over your shoulder to him. That is the trouble with a lot of people in this world. I have preached sermons in this Church and met people after the service who would say to me in a kind of little whisper: "I am glad so-and-so was here today and heard your sermon. I am glad they were here, I hope they took it to themselves." Now, don't you worry about so-and-so hearing me this morning, you take it to yourself, just as I am taking it for myself, because for any sermon to be worth anything at all, the preacher must preach to himself quite as much as to the people. I preach to myself all the time, that's the reason it is such good preaching; I am preaching to myself. I don't think there is any person in this whole wide world who arouses within me a deeper antagonism, not even a criminal; I don't think of anyone who awakens within me such deep antagonism as the type of person who will try to blight another by constantly revealing the other's past. There is no more ignoble person on this earth than the person who sees another trying to get up out of the mire of life and get their feet on solid ground and then who says: "You don't know what I know." What of it! I don't know where hell is; I sometimes feel like Voltaire who said, "If there isn't any hell, I think one ought to be created for some people to get their just deserts." I don't know where it is, nor how deep it is, nor how ho

(*Continued on page* 18)

and now it is here!

Peoples Church ANNUAL BAZAAR

Dr. Bradley will officially open the Bazaar Wednesday evening, December 4th, following the regular Book Lecture which closes at 9 o'clock.

The Bazaar will be open on Thursday, Dec. 5th all day from 9 a.m. until midnight.

Luncheon will be served from 12 to 1 o'clock.

On Friday, Dec. 6th, the Bazaar will be open from 1 p.m. until midnight. No luncheon will be served on Friday.

Dinner will be served on both days, Thursday and Friday, from 6 to 7 o'clock.

Luncheon **50c**

Dinner **$1.25**

Plan to bring the family and friends to dinner on both days.

Do your Christmas shopping at the Bazaar.

Attend the Donation Tea on Monday, Dec. 2nd and bring your donation to the Bazaar as your admission to the outstanding program of music and drama which will be given.

★ ★ **BOOTHS OF ALL VARIETIES** ★ ★

We are Counting on you More than Ever to make This Bazaar—as Always—a Success!!! With Your Help it Can Be.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARCTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Edito
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manage

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EDITORIAL

THE word "miracle" leaps easily to our lips these days, more easily, perhaps, than at any other time in all history. Miracle! In a very true sense we are living in an age of miracles, but great as these miracles are, they are miracles, from the point of view of a rather loose conception of the word. We call them miracles, but they are all in reality the discoveries of existent laws and the application of those laws to certain designs of men. No scientist is creating anything fundamentally; all that the modern scientist is doing is revealing that which is already created.

Now, of all the miracles with which we are confronted, even all of the unprecedented, undreamed of, and almost unimaginable miracles that are to come —and there are many more to come than we have yet known—still, the greatest miracle of all is "you." The greatest miracle of all is myself, and yourself. In this universe of certain mechanistic laws which involve the essence of reality, a universe that almost every six months changes its basic conception of physics and chemistry, which almost every 24 hours reorganizes itself in the knowledge of itself in regard to the manifestation of energy you are the greatest miracle. In you heart and mine is the miracle of "you, ageless, timeless, eternal; "you" with out even the possibility of ever com pletely separating you from the cosmos There will never come a moment whe you are not "YOU" this side of deat or the other side! You and I belon to the eternal youth of an existin cosmos which, within its own structure I believe, possesses recreative facultie and qualities which with the furthe enlightenment of the human mind i the field of science will, one day, re veal that energy has the power o recreating itself even when, to all physi cal appearances, the energy has bee exhausted. Instead of thinking abou the ancient miracles of the past, whic men and women have thought of as th violation, by God himself, of His ow natural laws, let us be concerned wit the great miracles yet to come, greate in every proportion than any miracl which the world has ever heard, an "you" and "you" are, in the unendin miracle, related to this experienc Ladies and gentlemen, it is an almos inconceivable, indefinable, an inarticu lative thought, that you are a part o

this cosmos; that you are a deathless soul! And that while the scientist can reveal all these miracles, yet the scientist himself, eyes, brain, heart, being, soul, is greater than radar. The scientist himself is the miracle, and so are you! Where is the practical application for us there? What are we doing with life on this plane? What are you doing with yours, what am I doing with mine? Are we contributing in the practical everyday experience of reflecting that universe, of which we are a part, to a God that is within us? We belong to the radar impulse, we live in a land beyond the moon, in a universe beyond the farthest star, but we live in a world where we can share another's burden, where we can bring a little light to enlighten the darkness, where we can make some tired body rest a little easier. The universe we know is the universe of the miracle, and the real universe of your heart and mine in this time-space consciousness is true of which Tennyson sang in "In Memoriam:"

"Our little systems have their day.
They have their day and cease to be.
They are but broken Lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

The answer to all those who seek to penetrate the source of energy in the area of God, is to enlarge the area of God in your own hearts while you are living right now—then we are mating our energy to the cosmos. I must be that kind of a soul, that kind of a heart, that kind of a mind in this world; I want to start and converse with the moon in God's good time, but there is a heart of a friend that may need me now. Let not the overpowering impulses of other miracles deaden your consciousness to this miracle, for it was the same Tennyson who felt the sweep of it in the humblest and simplest thing, picking up a little flower, not radar, not radar impulses, not beyond the moon, but just a little flower:

"Little flower—but if I could understand what you are,
Root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

P.B.

> We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
>
> PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Regular Annual Watch Night Service

IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31ST

11:00 p.m. Until Midnight

"THAT FILTHY LITTLE ATHEIST"

(The following paper was read by Dr. Preston Bradley before the Chicago Literary Club on Monday, October 14, 1946. No extemporaneous speeches or addresses from memory are allowed to be given before this club, thus Dr. Bradley's appearances before the Chicago Literary Club and his radio programs are the only occasions on which he ever uses manuscript. It was thought by the Editors that this paper on the life of Thomas Paine would be of great interest to the readers of The Liberalist. Because of its length it will be necessary to publish it serially in several succeeding issues of The Liberalist. This is the second installment, the first having appeared in the November number.)

ONLY two years after the period I have just mentioned do we see him, in a pamphlet, writing that which helped Thomas Jefferson to frame the Declaration of Independence. Again he fell into bad luck. He never understood financial matters and always had financial difficulties. He married again in 1771, marrying the daughter of the man with whom he had lodgings. Her father died, leaving his widow and daughter badly provided for, and in 1769 Paine opened a shop on their behalf, running what he called "a tobacco mill." After the shop came the marriage, and the wife, who was ten years her husband's junior, seems not to have been a suitable mate. There is little doubt that Thomas Paine on his side spent more time in the convivial and controversial club at the local White Hart Tavern than was best, but it was here in this circle that he made a great reputation as a reasoner, as a philosopher, as a student, and the mere fact that at this period he wrote some fairly good poetry ought not to be held against him. His first and only prose work at the time was a pamphlet pleading the cause of his fellow workmen in the matter of wages. He sent a copy of this to Goldsmith who, at that time was the master of the purest English style then written. This resulted in his meeting the poet and they became friends. Up in London he organized the excise men into a sort of trade union and, as one might expect, his advocacy only resulted in his being discharged. His business didn't pay and was sold out, and he and the wife whom he had married, by mutual consent agreed to separate, she renouncing all legal claims. He later sent her money anonymously. They never re-united and the reason for their quarrel remains unknown to this day, but it is clear that there was no question of infidelity on Paine's part and he in after years spoke of his wife kindly.

It was in this period and probably in The White Hart Tavern that he first met Benjamin Franklin. Benjamin Franklin undoubtedly was attracted to this young man Thomas Paine, then 37 years old, by the stir which Paine's pamphlet had caused in London. They met. Benjamin Franklin gave him a letter of introduction after Paine had told him that he intended to leave England and go to the colonies in America. He decided to begin life all over again in that new world beyond the seas whose history he was destined so profoundly to affect. Seldom in all history has there been a more unauspicious introduction or prelude to what became an important, influential and lasting career. By nature he was a publicist; by nature he was endowed with a comprehension of matters which pertained to public conduct and to public life and by every literary norm known to the field of letters he was a writer; yet he had lived 37 years in England without finding his way to writing and without writing anything more important than a plea for better treatment for his fellow excise men. But all was different when he landed in the un

charted continent of the colonies, and soon Franklin's letter secured him a position as an editor. And then a little later, what was still better, a printer started a magazine and asked Paine to edit it. He did, with almost immediate success, and Mr. Conway, his great biographer, and still the authentic, unimpeachable biographer of Paine, says that he "edited the magazine with immediate success and probably there never was an equal amount of good literary work done on a salary of fifty pounds a year."

Paine almost at once felt the potentiality of the developing colonies. In the environment his latent ideas of freedom and human rights flourished with ever increasing significance and power. He, more than any other man, seemed to have a clear cut and clean vision of what a truly democratic experiment would need. Almost at once he envisioned an American literature which would be quite separate and quite different from European literature, and which would have a distinctiveness and identity all its own. Immediately in the Pennsylvania magazine which was under his control, he started out by striking the keynotes of a civilization in his adopted country which to him would be an inspiration to struggling peoples and countries throughout the world. What stands out with undiminished clarity and brilliance is that, in the first few months of his new work in his new country, he wrote of principles and enunciated theories of government that were far, far in advance of any conception held by the generation of which he was a part. He was from the first an opponent of slavery and his moral originality and the courage of his teaching in every direction was little less than astonishing. Conway says, "The whole circle of ideals and principles was recognized by this lone, wayfaring man. The first to urge extension of the principles of independence to the enslaved negro, the first to arraign homage and to point out the danger of its survival in the Presidency, the first to propose articles of a more thorough nationality to the new born States, the first to advocate international arbitration, the first to expose the absurdity and criminality of duelling, the first to suggest more rational ideas of marriage and divorce, the first to advocate national and international copyright, the first to plead for the animals, and the first to demand justice for women. What brilliance would our modern reformers have contributed to a coronet for that man's brow, had he not personally worshipped the God of his fathers after the way that theologians called heresy. 'Be not righteous overmuch,' saith cynical Solomon, 'neither make thyself overwise. Why should'st thou destroy thyself?' and yet, this man, to the man on the street in the democracy which he helped to found, lives as 'That Filthy Little Atheist.' " An anti-slavery essay was Paine's first composition for publication, though it was not the first published. It is a most remarkable article. Again I quote Mr. Conway: "Every argument and appeal, moral, religious, military and economic, familiar in our subsequent anti-slavery struggle, is here found stated with eloquence and clearness. Others had before deprecated slavery, but it remained for Thomas Paine in his essay to write as though Garrison himself were speaking, and 35 days after the appearance of Paine's paper the first American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Philadelphia. What was more, Paine pointed his plea by the analogy of the political conflict then actually going on with the mother country, and so soon to deepen into a

war." The practical side of Paine's idea at the time for solving the problem of slavery was to liberate all save the infirm and place them on frontier lands. Had his advice been taken, as Robertson tells us, the America of today might possibly have been free of its greatest domestic danger, but it was not taken and it was left for Paine only to do his best to secure the national freedom of his socially free fellow citizens.

(To be continued)

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

I WELL remember when I was a child it was a frightfully long time from one Christmas to the next! It was really was! How can time change so—to speed the year along? And now we stand at the road leading to Christmas, each day tearing off a page of the calendar—"Only so many days to Christmas," they say. Again we are planning Christmas services and Church celebrations. Again wrapping little gifts to mail to friends here and there. Again "counting noses" for the family dinner. Addressing greeting cards — looking up the standby recipes for Christmas cookies, and doing the hundred and ninety-nine pleasant tasks that jump into action with the approach of the holiday season.

Being obliged to take a certain amount of rest each afternoon (sometimes not as restful as it should be!), today while lying down these thoughts and plans pertaining to the holidays began whirling about me like a merry-go-'round; so giving myself to the mood, presently I seemed to be on a streamlined train racing from one Christmas to the next with unbelievable speed. With great puffing of steam and blowing of whistle, the train slowed and stopped. Looking out the car window I saw a brilliantly lighted station—and the name of the place on it in neon lights was "Christmas." The platform was jammed with people—a vast crowd, all waiting for the streamlined Christmas train! My glance was arrested by the people immediately in front of my window, jostling each other good naturedly in the crowd, all in joyful expectation, shouting, laughing, calling, yelling in high-pitched young voices: "Give me—give me—give me!" Tiny tots held up in arms of parents wanting only to see Santa Claus,—plus a "lollypop." This would satisfy their wishes perfectly. Children a little older were crowded back by the 'teen-agers, the little ones calling for talking dolls, junior automobiles and many expensive things, all the way to French poodles and riding ponies!

The 'teen-agers became more and more excited; their shouts and calls for the gifts they wanted became a bedlam of noise. "Fur coats—'Chubbies'—and racing boats; sport cars—watches — diamond rings — sweaters" (one girl, jumping way up in the air, called for "six sweaters and three skirts and two ski suits." I grew dizzy with their noise and their demands—

and then my gaze wandered to the far end of the platform. It was not so light down there, but I was surprised to see the mass of people—thousands of them, heads (which was all one could see in the crowd) sinking into the shadows, fading into the grey, frosty mist, spreading way past the station platform out into surrounding fields and roads, lighted only by the stars. Neither laughter, songs nor noise came from these people waiting patiently, fearfully, hopefully. The wan faces in the foreground expressed eagerness, eyes kindled with hope after many disappointments, lips having forgotten how to smile trembled with excitement. Thinly clad they shivered in the chill night, waiting—waiting to be remembered! They wanted food, good food, and shoes and clothes to keep their thin bodies warm. They saw tons of packages being unloaded at the opposite end of the platform, and crates of oranges handed out,—ORANGES! When had they tasted oranges? The engineer, leaning out of his cab window, was watching these hungry-eyed, white-cheeked faces — the youth of devastated nations where war had robbed them of Christmas, of every luxury, — luxury? — of every comfort or mere necessity—of food and clothes and homes! Half a dozen apples in a paper bag were close to the engineer's hand. He had been munching one after he stopped the train. He grabbed the others and tossed them out one at a time, like lovely red balls from a Christmas tree, just above the heads of that drab crowd. A shout went up from hungry, eager throats. The youngsters jumped high in the air with their hands outstretched to catch the luscious red apples! And each one who was lucky, before tasting the fruit, turned with beaming countenance to those nearest and shared the prize, a bite here, a bite there, till there could not have been much more than the core remaining; but each face of the half dozen who had caught the apples was aglow with beauty and joy!

The train began to move slowly. Some in the crowd at the other end of the station had been attracted by the happy shout that had come from the odd, foreign-looking people down near the engine, when the apples were tossed to them; and now quite a number were edging down that way, their own arms loaded with packages, some even carrying great packs on their backs, and many had large mesh bags of oranges. Brought face to face with the people of other nations, they found they were not odd or "funny" at all, as they had seemed at a distance, but were boys and girls and men and women like themselves. And they began handing out their oranges, tossing some farther back into the crowd, and then opened large boxes of holiday goodies; — obviously there was not nearly enough, and those in the background—countless hundreds—turned away with another disappointment, and were lost in the mist of the winter night.

Everyone became merry with laughter and jokes; foreign language didn't matter, they were all speaking the language of the heart: love, kindness, unselfishness, good-will. One tall chap without a hat, his wavy hair tossed by the wind, who seemed to be a sort of master of ceremonies, called out in a full-toned voice, " 'Come all ye faithful—'; say, where are you? We need more food, more goodies, more everything! Here, now, you gals, where are all those sweaters? Can't you see these folks are shivering in the cold?" And I saw a golden-haired young woman with the face of an angel take the coat from a box that had held her heart's desire and wrap it tenderly about a young expectant mother, and

they stood with their arms around each other, like sisters. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a picture!

As the train now was moving faster, my car nearing the end of the platform that soon would be lost to my vision, I saw the 'teen-ager who had jumped high the better to be seen and heard and had called for "six sweaters, three skirts and two ski suits," (among other things) pulling the sweaters over the heads and down over the thin little bodies of girls about her own age, her own cheeks shining with tears of happy excitement; — never had she been so truly happy, never felt before the urge to give all she had, coming for the first time in her life face to face with poverty, hunger, want.

The moon broke through the snow clouds and shed a radiant light on this remarkable scene, as the streamlined train picked up speed, already on its way to—Next Christmas! Would you be happy this holy Christmas season? Do all you can to bring a sense of peace and comfort to those who have lost it. Give food and clothing if you can to those in want, but remember, the heart can starve as well as the stomach! Some need a little enjoyment as much as they need food. Bread? Yes—but jam, too!

* * *

Now, because this is the Radio Mail Bag, I must give you at least one letter, and that is all we have space for. And I have chosen the loveliest letter from a very lovely lady. She knows so well the spiritual law of giving. And she has the spiritual insight of finding good and beauty in every experience—"Having a wonderful vacation," she says, "Even though it is spent in a hospital!" You will feel better for reading her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Since last I wrote you, I have had a vacation. Probably for the first time in twenty years I had been able to say I had a few dollars saved up for such an occasion, over and above actual living expenses. So on Oct. 16th I left for the Twin Cities—a beautiful day—a wonderful trip. I haven't been very well for several years, but my checkup was the best it had been in two years, before leaving.

"To make a long story short, I was stricken out of the blue, with heart failure. I was rushed to the Northwestern Hospital and placed in an oxygen tent, where I remained for four days. At first thought it seemed a bit ironic, and then the beauty of it all began to shine through as it always does out of every experience, no matter how bitter. The morning after I emerged from my little house, an older graduate nurse brought in a huge bouquet of baby 'mums,' gold and red and brown and yellow. I was quite concerned, for there was no card on them, but I was still too ill to talk about it. On the following day I told her I was so sorry there wasn't any card, for I didn't know whom to thank. 'Don't thank anyone,' she said, 'They came from my garden.' And so it was all during my ten days' stay there—goodness and generosity from every nurse, young and old—and the young Doctor who spent sleepless nights by my bedside, keeping the little spark of life aglow. And on my night table was the little card you sent in your last letter to lend me courage, as it surely did: 'Life is always lived against resistance; never one moment of the way is it easy. We grow in character through our experience,' etc.

"Last Saturday night I was able to come home via ambulance from hospital to compartment, from same to ambulance, and then here in time to listen to your wonderful sermon and the beautiful music from my beloved church, and soon I shall be sufficiently

rested to be up and at it again. So here, you might almost say, is my last dollar, to go toward the new oil burner, but I'm not discouraged, for money or the lack of it means very little after all. I am convinced that before the week ends the little I have given out will be returned with interest. Oh, if people could only understand that life is just a plan of sharing. I am more than convinced there are more good people in the world than bad. I made many fine friends at Northwestern and I had a really wonderful vacation. God is good!

"Dearest love to you and dear Mrs. Bradley. God bless you both!

Louise G. Clark,
2338 Geneva Terrace."

Our heartiest greetings go out to you all! May you have a peaceful, happy and blessed Christmas!

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

BOOK CHATS

THE book I shall first bring to your attention is a very recent one. Perhaps few of you have read it and I sincerely hope that it will be placed on your reading list. One of the valuable things about the leadership of men and women in public life in America is, that even though they may lose their official status, either by being dismissed or not being re-elected, or from any other cause, they still have the opportunity of the public press, the public print, and of radio, books, pamphlets and magazine articles in which to continue their points of view. Sumner Welles is one of the men who has no official status at the moment in the government of the nation, but who, through his public addresses and his newspaper articles, and now his last book, "Where Are We Heading?" published by Harpers, is able to continue the projection of his own ideas. From the point of view of being familiar with the problems before this nation and the world, Mr. Sumner Welles has had the advantage of close contact with men and with nations. As the Under-Secretary in the Department of State while Cordell Hull was the Secretary of State, Mr. Welles wielded considerable influence. It is a well known fact that he did not see eye to eye with Cordell Hull and all was not smooth sailing between them. Since leaving the department Mr. Welles has only been able to give us his ideas in an unofficial capacity, with no opportunity to express those ideas in action. It is one of the tragic defects in our system perhaps that some of the most valuable men, because of political differences or temperamental conflicts are not able to be of service at a time when they are needed most. I have not always agreed with Mr. Welles, but his familiarity particularly with the problems south of the Rio Grande and all the way to the tip of the southern continent is probably as extensive as that of any man in or out of the government. I am quite convinced that our relations with Latin America would not be in the fragile state they are tonight had Mr. Sumner Welles been able officially to lead the Good Neighbor efforts which were inaugurated while he was in office. Perhaps Sumner Welles outside of the government can speak his mind more emphatically and more exhaustively than he could were he a member of the Department of State, but speaking is not

enough when the services of a man who does have a fundamental understanding of the problems are denied active participation in their solution.

Mr. Welles' book is entitled with the question "Where Are We Heading?"—a question which the man on the street is asking every day of his life and which concerns millions and millions of us daily. Strangely enough, and this was a surprise to me, Cordell Hull, who was as I said a moment ago Secretary of State while Mr. Welles was Under-Secretary, is not mentioned by name at all. Mr. Hull is a very able man, a very lovable, likable man, and when he was physically able, was highly esteemed everywhere throughout the world. Mr. Welles is rather uncomplimentary, however, to Mr. Stettinius and says of him, and I quote directly from the book: "Devoid of any knowledge of international relations or even of modern history, and lacking the personal qualifications desirable to so high an office, Mr. Stettinius, it was painfully evident from the outset, could only play a meager part." I disagree with all of this conclusion. Mr. Stettinius did have a knowledge of international relations, as I have occasion to know, and he did know a great deal about modern history. And how much Mr. Welles may have permitted disappointment that he himself never reached the exalted and powerful position of Secretary of State to have colored his opinion is a matter only Mr. Welles knows, but as far as Mr. Stettinius playing only a meager part in the beginning of this present situation, those who were privileged to be at the San Francisco conference, as I was, and also at a meeting of the Security Council at Hunter College, know that at times the part Mr. Stettinius played was far from meager.

Running through the book everywhere are Mr. Welles' reactions and comments on those who have been responsible for the direction of the American policy since the death of President Roosevelt. Again I quote, from a comment which Mr. Welles makes on Mr. Truman: He says, "It is said that President Truman upon his return from Potsdam remarked that he had never found a man who was easier to get along with than Stalin," and Mr. Welles' comment on that is, "It can hardly be doubted that Generalissimo Stalin and Foreign Minister Molotov took a more accurate measure of their colleague." Mr. Welles says that the Burns delegation which went to the London Council a year ago was hopelessly unprepared and had only a smattering of an idea of what the objectives were of the Soviet and Great Britain. The book is very provocative. I found that to be one of its most distinctive features and almost every paragraph would inspire an argument. There are some obvious mistakes which probably will be corrected when these discrepancies are brought to the attention of the author, and other editions are brought forth. All those points are definitely not the important ones and need not disturb us; but what we can do, is to discover from the book Mr. Welles' own foreign policy; and upon careful examination and study, in the light of the present situation in international relations, I am inclined to think that in much of his policy, though not all of it, Mr. Welles is perfectly sound, and the whole picture might have been improved over what it is tonight had Mr. Welles been given the opportunity of crystallizing his ideas into policies. I cannot mention them all, but practically the entire scene is covered here. In the field of dependent peoples, his policy is that the United States should seize leadership within the United Na-

tions to assure a grant of independence to all Colonial peoples before it is too late. Obviously Mr. Welles follows the somewhat forgotten but never obsolete Atlantic Charter. To him the Atlantic Charter is the basis of an enduring international understanding. As one concerned in getting a comprehensive view of the whole picture, I was interested, and think you will be, in Mr. Welles' suggestion, as far as Latin America is concerned, that our government abandon its disastrous effort to use the act of recognition as a means of bringing pressure upon its neighbors and he develops logically and effectively the idea that we must find a way to maintain real and friendly unity in the Western hemisphere. I am sure all of us, whatever our political loyalties, would agree to that. Well, it is a very interesting book, and in some respects a great book, and we shall all have a clearer and a better understanding if we read it.

* * *

There are many conditions which would justify deep concern for the future, but there are other things happening which are inspiring and create confidence for the future. One is, that a book, the book which I am about to mention, entitled "Peace of Mind," by Rabbi Joshua Loth Liebman, published by Simon & Schuster, should become throughout this entire nation the second best-seller book in the United States. To me this is most encouraging and indicative. Although Dr. Liebman is the distinguished Rabbi of Temple Israel in Boston and one of the leading preachers of America, this book has an appeal to the people of every race and of every faith and of every creed. Nothing quite like it has ever been done in its field. There have been myriads of books on psychology, psychiatry and personal living, books that deal with the development of the individual and the living of a unified and effective life. I am familiar with most of the books in this field, but I can say without an iota of extravagance that I have never read a book quite like the book "Peace of Mind." It comes at an opportune time; at a time when we are all the victims of the inevitable psychological reactions which come from the ghastly institution of war; and the manner in which he has combined the best of modern psychology with the fundamental truths of religion, in making it possible for a person to develop power and strength, vision and purpose, is its chief value and its greatest distinction. It is not written in academic phraseology, although the material was first given in the Charles W. Elliot lectures at the Jewish Institute of Religion. There is no intricate or involved technical phrase in the field of psychology or religion. The problems for us all are growing and there are altogether too many unhappy, confused, perplexed or grief-stricken people and sometimes they do not understand why certain things exist. It is for just these people that Dr. Liebman has spoken in his book. In an understanding and inspiring way he strikes at the very root of the problems that disturb us. He balances accurately and effectively the great truths of religion with the very last word in psychology and personal problems, and out of this planning and molding together, he has given us all a plan that will help millions of people to understand themselves better and to lead fuller and richer lives, and by this understanding contribute to the well-being of all society. It is important that we all realize more and more the significance of the individual in this hour. A chain is no stronger, remember, than its weakest link. A society is no more powerful and enduring than the individuals who compose it, and

this book helps individuals into that quality of living which makes for strength and purpose and beauty and poise and power. P. B.

"Start Where You Are"

(*Continued from page* 6)

it is, probably pretty hot, but I am inclined to think that way down where it gets a thousand degrees hotter with every foot, and way down at the bottom of that, 480,000 million miles and right to the bottom, the devil has a place reserved for two kinds of people; one of them is the person who bankrupts another's reputation when they are not there to fight for themselves, and the other one is the kind of person who won't let a person forget their own past when they are trying to do something good in the world. They could join any, or all, of the churches in this wide world, but if they are that kind of person, they will certainly not go to heaven. I believe that. That may sound a little severe. Jesus could not do that, He never could. He took the human life and let it start right where it was, "Don't let that past worry you, brother, you go and sin no more." He went straight through.

That's what I want to do for a broken life this morning, a sad life. Don't be tyrannized by it; it is a new day, a new hour, a new moment. Listen! Perhaps this is the moment for you somewhere; I may never know nor see you, nor hear from you, but perhaps now is the beginning of a new and a better life. Perhaps this moment is the star of your hope. Perhaps it will all be different now. It can be.

A great astronomer of Pittsburgh, on the very day that he died, one of his friends said to him: "Professor, you have not long for the world, aren't you a little afraid to go out into the unknown and the dark?" And this great astronomer said: "Afraid? Why, I have known too well the stars to be afraid of the night."

To all of our readers we extend sincere Season's Greetings

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR OCTOBER

1—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
2—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. South Side Hebrew Assn.
3—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
4—Radio address. WLS
Conference. Polish Consul General
Radio address. WGN
5—Conference. Religion Editor, "Time" Magazine
6—Morning Service. Peoples Church 20th Anniversary of Dedication
Attendance at reception to Gen. Orsborn, of London, England, head of Salvation Army
7—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
8—Radio address. WLS
Address. Hamilton Park Woman's Club
Radio Address. WGN
9—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Sinai Men's Club
10—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Municipal Art League
Radio address. WGN
11—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Radio address. WCFL
13—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Granville Methodist Church
14—Radio address. WLS
Address. Woman's Club of Peoples Church
Meeting. Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
Radio address. WGN
Address. Chicago Literary Club
15—Radio address. WLS
Conference. Clothing Campaign of American Federation for Polish Jews
Radio address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Washington Blvd. Temple
16—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Review. PTA, Lovett School
17—Radio address. WLS
Conference. Children's Memorial Hospital, Warsaw, Poland
Radio address. WGN
18—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
20—Morning Service. Peoples Church
21—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
22—Radio address. WLS
Address. Convention
Radio address. WGN
Address. Veterans and Professional and Business Women. Peoples Church
23—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Rogers Park B'nai Brith
24—Radio address. WLS
Address. Joyce Kilmer PTA
Radio address. WGN
25—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
27—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. 1st Annual Convention Veterans Committee
28—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Chicago Public Library Board
Radio address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Peoples Church
29—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Book Review. Uptown Players, Peoples Church
Address. Swedish Club of Chicago

30—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Albany Park Hebrew Congregation
31—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

CHRISTENINGS

13—Janet Gayle Klima, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Klima
Ruth Irene Thon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Thon
20—Walter Anthony Berhalter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Berhalter
27—Robert Edward Brock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brock

WEDDINGS

1—Robert Rice and Gloria Gould
5—Philip A. Farrington and Mary Todor
Melvin Spotts and Pat Campbell
12—Joseph J. Staver and Marcella Doyle
Robt. Edward Dames and Jayne Lenora Nickell
19—Fred Persons and Betty Jane Pearson
19—Wendell Benson and Eleanor Wozniak
Joseph Exner and Irene Rudolph
20—Jack M. Ezra and Helen Forster
21—James Chadwick and Betty Crom
Roy L. Arey and Mrs. Bessie Sings
25—Paul John Schultz and Betty R. Coleman
26—Robert Hangel and Eugenia Platt
28—Clark Rauhauser and Edna Kuenzi (at WGN)

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Alice Francis
3—Herman Mackwitz
6—John F. Davis
7—Frank C. Deli
9—Julius B. Gunter
10—Esther Bonnevier
11—Bernard Link
12—Frank R. Campbell
15—Charles G. Holter
16—Charles B. Myers
Mrs. Natalie Van Sickle
19—John H. Smith
21—Cassius Cross
25—Hugh Esterly
26—Louis Kreicker
27—George H. Hammer
31—George R. Leonard

The following were publicly welcomed into membership in the Peoples Church Sunday, November 3rd:

Mr. Frank F. Anderson
Mrs. Marion F. Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Berg
Mrs. Floyd L. Biske
Mr. and Mrs. Willard Carlson
Miss Ann Dalida
Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Debro
Mrs. Walter Espeset
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Flaig
Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Giroud
Mrs. Irene Hall
Miss Joyce Hooper
Miss Lynn Johnson
Mrs. Thomas Kendall
Mrs. W. J. McBride
Mr. Jack Modjeska
Mrs. A. Monkman
Mrs. Harriet Norderud
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Phelan
Mrs. Eva M. Pochter
Miss Suzanne Pochter
Miss Helen Roubal
Miss Constance Stephens
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tuyl
Miss Henriette Weyrauch
Mrs. N. Wolski

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

35th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)..... 11:00 a.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.... 9:30 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium.... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS, every Friday, Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

ANNUAL BAZAAR

Dr. Bradley will officially open the Bazaar at 9 p.m., after the Wednesday Evening Book Lecture. On Thursday, December 5, the Bazaar will be open from 9 a.m. until midnight. On Friday, December 6, the Bazaar will be open from 1 p.m. to midnight.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets every two weeks, Anderson Hall)

Monday, December 2, at 1:00 p.m., in Anderson Hall. Annual Donation Tea. Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman and Hostess..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, December 16, 1:00 p.m., Anderson Hall. Business meeting and announcements. Bazaar reports by Booth Chairman. Christmas program: Mrs. Geo. P. Hettinger, Chrm. Inspirational stories and original poems by Mrs. L. J. Hobbs. Subject: "Learning to Live." Music by Mrs. Evelyn Butler, Pianist. Group singing of carols. Gifts for Service Men. Mrs. Emma Thorson, Tea Hostess..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, Anderson Hall).

Monday, December 2, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Regular meeting and Donation Party. Alice Pearson, Chairman..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, December 16, in Anderson Hall. Meeting at 8:00 p.m. Preston Bradley Auxiliary, Mary Bartleme Club, will have charge of the program..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)

Monday, December 23, in place of their regular monthly meeting, the Men's Club will attend the Candlelight Service in a body..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB (Meets every 4th Monday in Anderson Hall)..... 8:00 p.m.

Karl H. Lemke, Sec., 3536 N. Bosworth Ave., Bittersweet 3764.

PRESTON BRADLEY VETERANS' ORGANIZATION (Meets 1st and 3rd Tues. each month)

Tuesday, December 10, in Anderson Hall, at 8 p.m., the Veterans Organization will present representatives from the American Legion, the American Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Veterans Committee, who will speak on the general topic "Our Plans for the Veterans." A question period will follow and refreshments will be served. All veterans, their families and friends cordially invited..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB.

Monday, December 16, in Anderson Hall, at 8:00 p.m. Christmas Party for the girls of Lakewood House. Committee: Jane Jones, The Misses Nordstrom, the Misses Kruskopf, Lillian Paynter, and Grace Rosanski..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM of the Church School (Meets 2nd Monday of each month in Anderson Hall). Earl S. Neindorf, Pres.; 1517 School St., Lakeview 7267..... 8:00 p.m.

THE CHOIR—Meets every Friday evening for practice in the Church Auditorium.

Social meetings are held on notice..... 8:00-9:30 p.m.

Henry D. Ferguson, Pres.; 2617 W. Berwyn Ave. (25), Sun. 2582.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a.m. in Anderson Hall..... 9:30 a.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; 1642 N. Clark St., Mic. 7766.

Drama Tea in Anderson Hall at 4:00 p.m., first Sunday each month. Auditions for membership second Sunday each month at temporary headquarters, 1642 N. Clark St..... 3:00 p.m.

See page 22 for December schedule.

YOUNG PEOPLES CLUB. (Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays of each month in Bradley Hall)..... 8:00 p.m.

Joan Pink, Pres.; 4608 Hazel St., Ard. 1482; Betty Roeschlein, Cor. Sec'y; 4936 Kenmore, Sun. 3698

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning Service..... 11:00 to 12:30 p.m.

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations) Monday through Friday..... 9:25 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday..... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS
J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, Director

Temporary Headquarters and School
1642 N. Clark Street, Chicago 14 **Michigan 7766**

* * *

DECEMBER PRODUCTION—23RD SEASON

"MY SISTER EILEEN"

The Broadway hit comedy by
Joseph A. Fields and Jerome Chodorov
presented
SATURDAY EVENINGS, DECEMBER 7 AND 14
and
THURSDAY EVENINGS, DECEMBER 19 AND 26
at the
Eleventh Street Theatre
62 E. 11th St.

Admission $1.20, including Fed. Tax. Curtain 8:30 p.m.

* * *

DECEMBER DRAMA TEA

Two One-Act Plays
directed by
Roberta Hewitt and Kay Simpson
in
Anderson Hall, The Peoples Church
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

Admission 60c, including Fed. Tax, or
a donation for the Bazaar 4:00 p.m.

* * *

DECEMBER SPOTLIGHT

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN
in a dramatic recital
"THE PROPHET"
by Kahlil Gibran
Lulu Jones Downing at the piano
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12

All seats free 8:00 p.m.

* * *

Christmas Candlelight Service

"COME LET US ADORE HIM"
under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin
The Peoples Church
DECEMBER 22 AND 23

* * *

COMING: January production—"THE LITTLE FOXES"

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

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Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

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